

NIGHTWING #75

June 3, 2002

Prepared for Michael Wright
and the Bat-squad

Devin Kalile Grayson

Story title: Judgment Day
30 page script

NOTE TO MICHAEL/WILLIE/GREGORY: Most of the captions we use in this book are Dick's first person narrative, but occasionally we carry someone else's speech over onto the next page via a caption. In addition to the quotes, is there a good visual way to differentiate between the two? A slightly different shape, maybe, or a whole different color (or both)? I can indicate which are which if that'll make it easier (narration captions are normal, and I'll use "cont" to mark continued speech captions?). Thanks!

PAGE 1, splash

Open on a classic shot of Batman and Dick-Grayson-Robin, short green pants and all. Batman perches at the edge of a rooftop in the Gotham night as Robin stands proudly, cockily behind him, the 1939 "laughing, darting ray of sunshine." Though Batman (year three costume) is intense as ever, maybe he looks just a little bit more relaxed and happy in this seen-through-Dick's-eyes flashback. They're still partners, frictionless, no real tension in the relationship yet, it's all good.

Rick, there've been ret-cons and arguments and varying opinions, but I like the 1940's version of Dick, where he was clearly no more than eight or so. The longer these two have been together, the more compelling the dynamic between them. And maybe a hint here, too, of "old style" Gotham with the giant billboards et al.

Title and credits here, please:

NIGHTWING 75, "Judgment Day"

Devin Grayson, script

Rick Leonardi, pencils

Jesse Delperdang, inks

Gregory Wright, colors

Digital Chameleon, separations

Willie Schubert, letters

Michael Wright, editor

1 ROBIN: You know what's the best thing in the whole wide world?

2 BATMAN: Mm?

PAGE 2, panel one

Batman rises, as behind him Robin crows happily, opening his arms wide to embrace the whole, dark night.

1 ROBIN: THIS!

Page 2, panel two

As he walks past him towards the center of the roof, Batman absently pats Robin's shoulder. His expression is impassive, as usual, but Robin is beaming up at him, correctly perceiving the gesture to be one of paternal pride.

NO COPY

Page 2, panel three

Robin chatters merrily away as he races happily after his caped mentor, who is heading across the rooftop to check the other side.

2 ROBIN: Hey, Batman, what're we gonna do once we finally get rid of all the criminals and everything?

3 ROBIN: Move to another city?

4 BATMAN: I don't think that's something you have to WORRY about, Robin.

Page 2, panel four

Close on Robin, suddenly a little fretful, pleading with his mentor for a clear answer.

5 ROBIN: Okay, so, then, we'll just stay in Gotham and keep doing this, right?

6 ROBIN: Forever and ever?

Page 2, panel five

On Robin, relaxing into a grin again as he watches Batman's back.

7 BATMAN: We'll do this as long as it's EFFECTIVE.

8 BATMAN: And feasible.

9 ROBIN: Right.

10 ROBIN: Like I said.

11 ROBIN: *Forever...*

PAGE 3, panel one

Cut to current day, Dick standing behind Batman in the Batcave. Exact same panel layout, to clarify that this is the same boy, now grownup. This time, however, there's not as much of a grin on his face as he watches Batman's back – he's smiling slightly, warm and affectionate and understanding.

And I know it seems like a waste to have Batman and Dick (not even in costume) in the same scene not fighting anyone, but bear with me. We have to establish that things like hanging out in the Batcave with Batman are a normal part of Dick Grayson's existence.

1 CAPTION: Thinking back on all of it now, I'm not sure *anything* Batman does is FEASIBLE.

Page 3, panel two

Batman turns to Dick, handing him a few pages worth of print out.

2 CAPTION: But it's ALL effective.

3 BATMAN: This is everything I have on Mayor Avers.

4 DICK: Thanks.

Page 3, panel three

Batman turns back to whatever you want him to be working on (Batcomputer, chem set, hologram blueprint) as Dick casually sits on the console (though obviously not in a way that would hurt it or press any buttons).

5 BATMAN: Do you have enough for criminal prosecution?

6 DICK: Looks promising. Arbitration has already started and we've got a good District Attorney in the 'Haven now.

7 DICK: Between this and Mary's journal, I think we've finally got some sustainable charges.

(MORE NEXT PAGE)

Page 3, panel four

Dick scans the printouts as Batman continues to busy himself in the cave. They're both avoiding eye contact now.

8 BATMAN: When do you turn in your badge and GUN?

9 DICK: Hm?

Page 3, panel five

Closer in on them as Batman looks up, finally, with narrowed eyes. Dick is now picking lint off of his sweater, or staring at his feet, or the cave floor, evasively.

10 BATMAN: Now that you've broken this CASE, there's no need for you to CONTINUE in Blüdhaven as a POLICE OFFICER.

11 DICK: Oh, uh, right, right. Yeah, I'll quit soon -

PAGE 4, panel one

Cut to Officer Dick Grayson and Officer Amy Rohrbach by their squad car in the 'haven. Amy is leaning in to the car to use the radio unit as Dick takes off in a foot chase, hot on the heels of a young, athletic (Caucasian) purse snatcher (read Amy's description of the perp, line four).

The crook looks determined to get away, Amy looks serious and intent as she calls for backup, and Dick – well, Dick looks like he's having a blast. He loves the chase. The sense that he's enjoying this is important, as it relates directly to his caption. Thanks!

Oh, and Michael, I've looked through every back issue of NW I can find and don't see a squad division number for Dick and Amy, so I'm making one up. But if one has already been established, please correct. Otherwise, from now on, Dick and Amy work from the 19th precinct. Thanks!

1 CAPTION/cont: “ -- why wouldn't I?”

2 AMY: This is 19-Adam calling with a one-forty-eight on Collingswood and Baleen.

3 DICK: I'll get him!

Page 4, panel two

The purse-snatcher rounds a corner, heading into an alleyway, as Dick follows. We can still see Amy, still on the car radio, clarifying her request as she watches her partner disappear around a city street corner.

4 AMY: Caucasian, about 5'11", wearing a black knit hat and heading North on Collingswood....

Page 4, panel three

The perp knocks some garbage cans over between himself and Dick, but Dick nimbly dodges them by jumping up and catching the bottom rung of a fire escape ladder in both hands, so that he's now swinging from it, using it not unlike a trapeze. They are now fully out of Amy's sight.

NO COPY

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 4, panel four

The purse-snatcher continues to run as Dick launches himself off the fire escape bar --

NO COPY

Page 4, panel five

-- somersaults in mid-air over the crook's head, losing his police hat -

NO COPY

Page 4, panel six

-- and lands in front of him with a cocky glint in his eye as the purse snatcher looks over his shoulder to see if Dick's still behind him.

NO COPY

PAGE 5, panel one

The purse snatcher has only just turned his attention back to where he's running as he plows right into Dick, the two men going down in a roll together, the crook looking mortified, Dick all but laughing.

1 PURSE SNATCHER: Whoa!

Page 5, panel two

Dick pulls the purse out of the crook's hands with a roguish smirk.

2 DICK: This really doesn't go with your SHOES, pal.

Page 5, panel three

Amy appears around the corner, running hard (worried that Dick might be in danger) and carrying Dick's hat, as Dick cuffs the guy.

3 AMY: Dick, are you - ?

Page 5, panel four

Amy slows to a walk, smirking as she speaks into her shoulder radio unit.

4 AMY: Never mind, dispatch. We're good here.

Page 5, panel four

Amy smiles at Dick as hands him his hat and takes the cuffed perp from him. Dick's suddenly doubling over, pretending to be winded, still holding the purse.

5 AMY: Well, YOU must be feeling better, partner.

6 DICK: Whew!

7 DICK: Man, I'm gonna RELAPSE if I do THAT again!

Page 5, panel five

Now Amy smirks at the perp as she starts leading him back towards the squad car. The perp is looking at her like she's crazy as Dick follows sheepishly behind them.

8 AMY: Bet you'd never guess this guy has been flat on his back SICK for the past week, would you?

PAGE 6, panel one

Cut to an establishing shot of the Blüdhaven county court house. I don't think we've ever seen this before, Rick, so have fun. Everything in Blüdhaven is vaguely nautically themed, so....old converted whaling house? Whatever you want.

1 FROM INSIDE: You don't have to ANSWER that, Darren.

Page 6, panel two

Inside, in a large, nondescript conference room, Mateo Flores (the District Attorney from issue 72), wearing a dark business suit, is conducting formal inquiry.

A female federal officer (AGENT KAREN CRAFT - late thirties, wears glasses and a badge, very serious looking) sits beside him quietly taking notes, and seated across the table from them is a civilian police rep (BOB SLOE - slightly overweight, in a jacket and tie but not good ones) and ESU commander Darren Michaelmas, in full uniform. Michaelmas does not look happy to be there. Sloe is addressing Mateo.

2 SLOE: Commander Michaelmas is in no position to comment on something as VAGUE as a "climate of IMPUNITY," Flores.

3 MATEO: Commander Michaelmas is facing racketeering, extortion, aggravated assault and BATTERY charges, Mr. Sloe.

4 MATEO: I would HOPE he's in the position to comment on SOMETHING.

Page 6, panel three

Agent Craft looks up calmly from her notes and addresses Michaelmas. Mateo tries not to appear too exasperated as Michaelmas plays tough guy.

5 CRAFT: A clarification for MY records, if you don't mind, Commander Michaelmas.

6 CRAFT: Prior to his recent murder, did you report directly to Chief Redhorn?

7 MICHAELMAS: Look, I run the ESU, not a public relations division.

8 MICHAELMAS: I make my *OWN* calls in the *FIELD*.

(MORE NEXT PAGE)

Page 6, panel four

Mateo keeps pressing as Michaelmas seethes with barely suppressed rage.

9 MATEO: Fine. But I think what Agent Craft is asking is, if you were to, say, get a JOB EVALUATION, who would write that report?

10 MICHAELMAS: You want to know how things WORK around here, Counselor Flores?

11 MICHAELMAS: Well, I'll TELL ya.

Page 6, panel five

Sloe jumps up to hold Michaelmas back as Michaelmas leaps out of his chair to scream threateningly at Mateo, who just glares at him coldly from the other side of the table. Agent Craft looks disapprovingly surprised by the outburst, and Sloe is frantic to calm his client.

12 MICHAELMAS/burst: When we get our hands on the RAT who sold us OUT, there's not gonna BE any damn question about who's in CHARGE in the 'haven!

PAGE 7, panel one

Cut to Dick, changing out of his police uniform in the BPD locker room. Malloy is also there with another younger cop, both beginning to change into theirs.

Malloy, having just pulled a bullet-proof vest out of his locker, addresses Dick, as the other cop (LOWING) looks somewhat frantically through his locker, which, if we can see into it, does not include a vest.

1 MALLOY: Quiet day?

Page 7, panel two

Dick glances towards Malloy with a friendly smile, continuing to change out of his uniform and into civvies as Malloy changes out of his civvies and into uniform.

Lowling has turned to Malloy with worry.

2 DICK: Yeah, not bad. Normal Blüdhaven lunacy.

3 MALLOY: Man, I'd kill for day shift right about now.

4 LOWING: Shoot, I left my VEST at home! You think I'll get in TROUBLE if I SKIP it?

Page 7, panel three

Dick raises an eyebrow and interrupts as Malloy hands his vest over to Lowling.

5 MALLOY: Here, use MINE. It's too HOT for that thing tonight anyway.

6 DICK: Wait, wait, wait - bad call.

7 DICK: With so many officers in ARBITRATION, street perception is that the department is WEAK right now.

Page 7, panel four

Dick hands Malloy HIS vest as Lowling puts on Malloy's vest. Malloy looks skeptical.

8 DICK: The criminal element will see this as an opportunity to ASSERT themselves, with GUNS.

9 MALLOY: Yeah, but it's not like the whole department really IS corrupt, you know? I mean, some of the stuff the District Attorney's throwing around...

10 MALLOY: Like how likely IS it, really, that the street gangs were takin' orders from REDHORN HIMSELF?

Page 7, panel five

Dick surprises Malloy by quietly moving forward with a serious expression to start buckling Malloy into the vest, which is his way of warning the younger rookie that the threat really is acute.

11 DICK: Let me put it THIS way...

12 DICK: Don't go out without your VEST on.

Page 7, panel six

ECU Dick, deadly serious.

13 DICK: EVER.

PAGE 8, panel one

Cut to as establishing shot of Dick's apartment building, late that same afternoon.

1 FROM BUILDING: Apparently a couple of the ESU guys are REFUSING to go in for QUESTIONING.

Page 8, panel two

Inside Dick is talking to his laptop, which is open and displaying a live feed of Babs, while he sits on his bed with a pile of Nightwing equipment. He's currently busy sharpening Batarangs - it's gonna be that kind of a night.

2 DICK: Two of them have even BARRICADED themselves into an apartment, with some kind of BPD-approved STOCKPILE.

3 BABS/MONITOR/ELEC: What're we talking about here? A few guns and grenades, or...?

Page 8, panel three

Cut to Babs on her headset, Oracling away as she chats with Dick, who we can see on one of her monitors, checking the points on his newly-sharpened Batarang.

4 DICK/MONITOR/ELEC: Definitely OR. Michaelmas has been lobbying for Blüdhaven to budget state-of-the-art crime fighting tech into the budget for YEARS.

5 DICK/MONITOR/ELEC: I can only IMAGINE what these guys have in their PRIVATE collections.

6 BABS: You think BLOCKBUSTER'S supplying them?

Page 8, panel three

Dick frowns as he tests a grapple rope, pulling it taut.

7 DICK: Nice THOUGHT, Babs. That's just what I NEED. A BPD/Blockbuster TEAM-UP.

8 BABS/MONITOR/ELEC: What YOU need, former Boy Wonder, is some SLEEP.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 8, panel four

Dick has pulled some smoke pellets out of one of his Nightwing gauntlets, and is rolling them on his palm carefully, checking for signs of wear and tear. Everything looks good to go.

If we can see any clocks, they indicate that it's a little after four.

9 DICK: No time.

10 DICK: If I HURRY, I can just catch the end of today's INQUIRY hearings.

11 BABS/MONITOR/ELEC: Aren't you going to go flush out the ESU bunker?

Page 8, panel five

Dick stands, expression serious, stuffing his costume into a small gym bag..

12 DICK: Definitely -

PAGE 9, panel one

Cut to the courthouse, Dick now waving to Amy in greeting as he sees her on the stairs leading up to the building. She's standing outside, in uniform, quietly drinking a cup of coffee, alone, and she looks a little tense.

Dick is carrying his duffle bag and the sun is just beginning to set behind the courthouse.

1 CAPTION/cont: " -- but FIRST, I want to make sure the D.A.'s READY for them..."

2 DICK: Hey, Amy, how's it going?

Page 9, panel two

Amy turns to him, looking a little more tense than usual, but happy to see him.

3 AMY: Hey, partner. Did the D.A. call you in for QUESTIONING?

4 DICK: No, not yet. You?

Page 9, panel three

Amy becomes serious as she motions up towards the courthouse, and Dick leans in to speak to her quietly, making sure he's not over heard.

5 AMY: Yeah, but Detective ADDAD's in there now.

6 AMY: Michaelmas is holding court in the WAITING room, so I thought I'd come out here for a little AIR.

7 DICK: Hey, have you had a chance to look at Mary Redhorn's JOURNAL? That's got to be a pretty helpful piece of EVIDENCE, right?

Page 9, panel four

Amy folds her arms defensively across her chest and looks away, worried, as Dick watches her with concern.

8 AMY: Yeah...it IS, but...

9 AMY: I don't know, I just feel kind of WEIRD about the whole thing....

10 DICK: Really? Why? Mary Redhorn agreed to let us USE it....

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 9, panel five

Dick watches Amy quietly as she lets her guard down with him a little. She looks nervous and rattled, suddenly, unsure of herself.

11 AMY: It's not that, it's how I CAME by it. The whole VIGILANTE thing.

12 AMY: I don't know, Dick, it's just...you should have SEEN this guy, he was MR. CONFIDENT, you know, completely convinced he's one of the GOOD GUYS.

13 AMY: And he SEEMED sincere enough, but how do *I* know what he really does out there? He's not accountable to ANYONE. Not even the LAW....

PAGE 10, panel one

FLASH BACK. Cut to a judge, presiding in his chambers, at least ten years earlier. Before him sit a twenty-something Bruce Wayne, in suit and tie, a ten-year-old Dick Grayson, in trademark red sweater vest, as well as a female social worker, who might be in a sort of forties style gray or brown skirt suit and hat combo, as a nod to the timelessness of the Batman mythos.

The judge is addressing Bruce, his expression somewhat accusatory as Bruce answers with charming confidence. Sorry for his copious text.

1 JUDGE: -- in the eyes of the LAW, Mr. Wayne. What makes you think you're FIT to raise a CHILD by yourself?

2 BRUCE: Well, your honor, I'm not ENTIRELY alone. In addition to contact with several close family friends - including Dr. Leslie Thompkins of the Park Row Health Clinic -

3 BRUCE: -- I reside with the gentleman largely responsible for raising ME from MY childhood.

Page 10, panel two

Dick glares at the social worker as she cuts in, imploring the judge.

4 SOCIAL WORKER: He's speaking of the family BUTLER, your honor!

5 SOCIAL WORKER: This court can HARDLY condone a PLAYBOY passing his GUARDIANSHIP duties off to the hired HELP!

Page 10, panel three

The social worker is on a tear now, clearly angered by the prospect of Gotham's most notorious playboy being given legal rights to a guardianship. Young Dick meets her with equal force, standing up from his chair to glare at her.

6 SOCIAL WORKER: In the four months that I've spent tracking this case, this child has been witness to seven BACHELOR parties -

7 SOCIAL WORKER: -- something in the order of EIGHTEEN late night FEMALE guests, and has, himself, sported one black eye, a fractured wrist -

8 DICK: That wasn't his fault! You don't even know what you're TALKING about!

9 DICK: I already TOLD you I got hurt and SCHOOL and you won't even LISTEN to me!

(MORE NEXT PAGE)

Page 10, panel four

Still in flashback, Dick turns from accusatory to imploring in a heartbeat, turning pleadingly to the judge, who frowns at him sternly. Bruce has reached up to put a large hand on Dick's shoulder reassuringly, guiding him back into his seat.

10 DICK: PLEASE let me stay with Mr. Wayne, your honor.
PLEASE.

11 JUDGE: Take your seat, young man.

12 DICK: But -

13 BRUCE: Do as he says, Dick.

Page 10, panel five

Dick's face begins to brighten now as he listens to Bruce, who leans in and whispers to him with a confident half-smile.

14 BRUCE/whisper: And don't worry.

15 BRUCE/whisper: I PROMISE you, everything will be all right.
Remember, Dick, nothing is IMPASSABLE -

PAGE 11, panel one

END FLASHBACK. We're back with current day Dick as he stands with Amy on the courthouse steps. COLOR NOTE: it's the end of sunset, moving into twilight over the course of this page so that it can realistically be dark by page twelve. Thanks!

They're both turning now towards the door of the courthouse as Detective Addad walks with Mateo holding the door open for him. Mateo sees Amy and motions for her enter.

1 CAPTION/cont: "... - there is always a way AROUND...."

2 MATEO: Sergeant Amy ROHRBACH? Could we see you inside for a moment, please?

Page 11, panel two

Amy pauses to put a hand on Addad's arm, lending him her support. His expression is severe.

3 AMY: How'd it GO in there, detective?

4 ADDAD: Well, I didn't pull any PUNCHES

5 ADDAD: If we don't get Michaelmas and his cronies criminally prosecuted THIS time around, it's NEVER going to happen.

Page 11, panel three

Amy finishes speaking with Addad over her shoulder as she lets Mateo lead her into the courthouse. Dick is standing by Addad.

6 AMY: I heard Michaelmas made quite a SCENE.

7 AMY: These guys aren't gonna go down without a fight.

8 ADDAD: Well, neither are we....

Page 11, panel four

Dick smiles at Addad, who continues to frown darkly.

9 DICK: I feel pretty good about our CHANCES this time around.

10 DICK: If everyone in the clean cop cabal goes on RECORD with the kind of behavior we've WITNESSED, I don't see how the city could FAIL to press charges.

11 ADDAD: Well, as nice as it would be to clean out all the CORRUPTION in the BPD, I warn you -

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 11, panel five

Dick checks his watch apologetically as Addad finishes his speech.

12 ADDAD: -- using criminal law as a SUBSTITUTE for departmental STANDARDS isn't going to get us as far as we need to GO.

13 ADDAD: We have to do a better job of policing OURSELVES...

14 DICK: Oh, excuse me, Detective Addad -

PAGE 12, panel one

Still an external shot of the courthouse, though this time it's fully night, and the roof of the building is nicely backlit by a half moon, Nightwing there in silhouette, fully costumed and ready to rock.

1 CAPTION/cont: " - but if I don't leave NOW, I'm gonna be late for another ENGAGEMENT."

Page 12, panel two

Closer in on him as he hits the rooftop express, moving acrobatically through the dark.

2 CAPTION: Amy's words HAUNT me as I start my NIGHT shift.

Page 12, panel three

Nightwing swings on a grapple line high above the roof of the BPD. Below him we can see heavily suited up officers moving aggressively towards their squad cars in twos - many carrying shotguns and/or in full SWAT uniform. They mean business tonight.

3 CAPTION: I've always taken it for GRANTED that I'm fighting the good fight, I guess mostly due to my faith in BATMAN.

Page 12, panel four

Nightwing lands in a crouch on the windowsill of a brick high rise a block or two away.

4 CAPTION: But I have to ADMIT, up here on the urban HIGH WIRE, I take a lot of LIBERTIES.

PAGE 13, panel one

Nightwing immediately goes to work on opening the window from the outside, applying Bat-bungee-prima cord, which I'm told by the Gotham City Task Force Source Book can be used for command detonation.

1 CAPTION: I tell myself they're all JUSTIFIED, but isn't that what EVERYBODY tells themselves?

Page 13, panel two

Hopping gracefully over to the next window, Nightwing covers his ears as behind him the rigged window explodes. I don't think we'll need an SFX, but if we do, throw one in there.

It's one of those explosions that causes the glass to drop in a sheathe of shards rather than send them flying every which way.

2 CAPTION: Does anyone wake up thinking, "today, I'm going to cross the LINE?"

Page 13, panel three

He hops back to the first window sill, which is now covered in small glass shards, calling inside through the smoke.

3 NIGHTWING: Hey, I'm looking for Officers Hannity and JAMES?

Page 13, panel four

His greeting is answered by a torrent of gunfire from inside. He dives into the room regardless. He's kinda cool that way.

4 SFX: =ratta tatta tatta tatta=

5 SFX: kra-POW kra-POW kra-POW

6 NIGHTWING: Yeah, that'd be them now....

PAGE 14, panel one

Big, multiple-action shot of Nightwing at his most acrobatic, moving across the apartment like a Cirque De Soliel acrobat on PCP.

It's a modestly furnished bachelor pad just STOCK PILED with every kind of weapon you can think of, Rick. Hannity (who has appeared before in NW 64, and is wearing a small gas mask here) continues shooting from behind a counter that divides the kitchen from the living room, and looks like he's ready to go for hours. No sign of James.

1 HANNITY: We didn't do nothin' WRONG and we ain't answering any QUESTIONS!

2 CAPTION: This is more than I BARGAINED for.

Page 14, panel two

Nightwing hurriedly puts on his own gas mask as Hannity hurls a scary looking, smoking grenade at him.

Oh, and Rick - Michael and I were talking about Nightwing's costume, and though we both agree that you shouldn't be drawing the really chunky, Scott-McDaniel- style boots and gloves with the visible pouches, Dick should still keep a few, sleek things in his gloves and boots (in lieu of a utility belt). I'm gonna work a joke in as soon as I can where another vigilante asks him where he keeps all his equipment and he just quips "wouldn't you like to know?" or some such, but for now, go ahead and say that there are a few, sleek pockets on his gloves and boots where he can get things from (he can pull things out from inside his boots and such, too).

You can see the compactable "Bat" gas mask in THE GOTHAM CITY TASK FORCE SOURCE BOOK, of which Michael's going to get you a copy.

3 HANNITY: We're PROTECTIN' the streets, you MORON! We're the GOOD guys!

4 CAPTION: These guys must have been stockpiling for MONTHS.

Page 14, panel three

This is just a panel filled with the thick, white, billowing smoke from Hannity's smoke bomb.

5 CAPTION: I remind myself that it'll only take one bullet to permanently end my CAREER -

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 14, panel four

As the smoke begins to clear, we see Nightwing diving across the kitchen counter, Batman-style, straight for Hannity, who is rushing to cock a shotgun or some such, pointed straight at Nightwing. It's all a matter of who gets there first now.

6 CAPTION: -- and remind HANNITY that that's been true for nearly my whole LIFE.

Page 14, panel five

Nightwing's got the gun away from Hannity but something robot-like and huge is pulling him away by the shoulder.

7 CAPTION: And then a cold, metallic grip on my shoulder reminds me that Hannity isn't here ALONE.

PAGE 15, panel one

Nightwing is picked up and thrown painfully across the room by James – who’s wearing a custom version of those cool-ass crime-fighting “Prototype” suits the Metropolis SCU use!

Nightwing’s gas mask goes flying.

1 NIGHTWING: ENGH!

Page 15, panel two

From where he’s standing, James, in the suit, fires a blast at Nightwing, who just barely leaps out of the way in time (Michael – if these effects on these suits have established sound and coloring effects, lets use those).

The blast demolishes the apartment’s front door.

2 SFX: =ZAAAK=

3 NIGHTWING: Whoa!

Page 15, panel three

Nightwing dodges out of the way again as James lumbers menacingly towards him and Hannity, who has popped up with a smile and a new gun, takes another shot at him.

4 SFX: =KRA-POW=

5 NIGHTWING: You’ve got a Metropolis PROTOTYPE suit?
How’d you -- ?

6 JAMES: Internet.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 15, panel four

Nightwing's keeping his distance, but now James fires one of the "hands" in the suit - which has become a sort of wiry multi-pronged wall-penetrating hook - catching Nightwing against the wall in-between a few wire spikes.

Hannity reloads. Now that they've got Nightwing still, he clearly intends to try his luck shooting him again.

7 SFX: =THWOK=

8 JAMES: And this baby's CUSTOM.

Page 15, panel five

Dick is clearly having a hard time wriggling out from between the prongs, but that doesn't mean he's going to let Hannity shoot him. As Hannity fires, Nightwing throws a smoke pellet of his own right at Hannity, obscuring the room - and especially himself, James, and Hannity - in another billow of fog. (I think the smoke pellet is the kind of thing he can just suddenly be holding in his gloved hand, Rock - we don't need to show where he pulled it out from).

9 SFX/smoke bomb: =PWOOOF=

10 SFX/gun: =kra-POW=

PAGE 16, panel one

Nightwing is using one of his newly sharpened Batarangs to cut himself free from the wires as the smoke clears. The weird thing is that Hannity is reaching a hand towards the back of his neck in shock as if someone just shot a dart there (which, in fact, someone just did).

James, in the suit, is taking a momentary pause to fiddle with some controls.

1 CAPTION: My night's starting to take a turn for the WORSE when it veers off suddenly into just plain WEIRD.

Page 16, panel two

Both Nightwing (now free) and James look up in surprise as Hannity pitches down, face first on to the rug, out cold, a dart sticking up from the back of his neck.

2 JAMES: Hannity?

3 CAPTION: But then, Blüdhaven's ALWAYS been full of SURPRISES.

Page 16, panel three

OTS Nightwing (whose keen eyes have snapped up to see) – a female figure standing in the doorway, lowering a blow-dart tube from her lips. This is our new Tarantula, Rick – Catalina Flores – and I don't have strong feelings about her costume as long as it's attractive, at least moderately practical, and in some way, shape, or form, suggestive of a tarantula (and also of John Law's old costume).

In addition to the dart shooter, she's got suction cups on the bottom of her boots and gloves for wall scaling, a web gun, and an assortment of poisoned darts in pouches somewhere on her outfit.

4 CAPTION: Still, a new cape in the 'haven?

Page 16, panel four

OTS Tarantula now as James lumbers slowly around in the big suit to see what the hell's going on behind him, his back now to Nightwing. Nightwing fires an expanding hook grapple line between the legs of the suit...

5 SFX/grapple: =THWK=

Page 16, panel five

...and yanks it, hard, so that the hook catches on the suit's shins and trips James up. Tarantula, realizing that James is going down, darts out of the way.

6 CAPTION: Man, I wasn't out of town THAT long....

PAGE 17, panel one

James is now face down on the floor in the giant suit, struggling to get up as Nightwing rushes him, pounding a newly sharpened Batarang into the central control unit in the back of the suit, fritzing the mechanics out.

Tarantula watches this with an appalled expression – she didn't figure on running into anything like James and the ESU suit on one of her first nights out.

1 TARANTULA: What IS he, some kind of CYBORG?

Page 17, panel two

Catalina is already bolting for the blown-open window as Nightwing, yanking his batarang back out of the now sparking metal, answers her.

2 NIGHTWING: No, it's just a fancy SUIT, but that doesn't make him any less DANGEROUS.

Page 17, panel three

Nightwing leaps up to his feet, looking wildly around the absurdly stocked apartment, anxious not to let Tarantula get away.

She's already squatting on the window ledge, preparing to dive into the night.

3 TARANTULA: Well, I'm glad you were here. I admit, I wasn't prepared for something like THAT.

Page 17, panel four

Nightwing grabs a can of police foam and unloads it all over James and the suit as an extra precaution. Tarantula's already gone from view.

4 NIGHTWING: And what WERE you prepared for?

Page 17, panel five

With James all foamed up and Hannity out cold, Nightwing dashes towards the window to chase after Tarantula.

5 NIGHTWING/small: Aside from a quick EXIT, I mean....

PAGE 18, panel one

Nightwing fires his own grapple line out into the dark, speaking into the small computer console on his gauntlet as he does so.

1 NIGHTWING: Automate 911 call on line five for an ambulance at 715 Lanyard, Apartment 34B.

Page 18, panel two

Nightwing springs up on to the rooftop of the building across from the one he was just in. For visual interest, let's make this particular roof multi-gabled (nineteenth century design), with ridges and furrows.

A few paces ahead of him we can see Tarantula sliding down a verge into a furrow now, moving carefully (apparently not all that used to running across rooftops). Game on.

Nightwing's continuing to talk into his gauntlet console.

2 NIGHTWING: Oracle, line one.

Page 18, panel three

As Dick starts to race across the rooftop, bounding acrobatically from ridge to ridge and thereby quickly closing the distance between himself and his more cautious prey, he can see her, now on the opposite side of the roof, again shooting her web gun towards the next building over.

Nightwing's speaking to himself now, smiling roguishly. As noted earlier, he loves a good chase.

3 NIGHTWING/small: Oh ho! Got a little LINE action going, do you?

Page 18, panel four

As Catalina swings from one building to the next, trying to evade Nightwing, Dick leaps fearlessly off the side of the building she's just launched herself from, electing to do the same jump rope-free.

He directs this last retort towards the in-mid-swing Tarantula, who appears to hear him.

4 NIGHTWING: Chicken.

Page 18, panel five

Nightwing lands on the opposite roof in an acrobatic roll and Tarantula pauses to smile down at his still-in-motion form from where

she's lighted down near him, clearly amused and delighted by his interest in her.

5 TARANTULA: Showoff.

PAGE 19, panel one

Stay with Nightwing in a low crouch, preparing to chase after her as she takes off again (we probably just see her retreating boots from this angle) but pausing to answer his gauntlet console. And there's no mistaking the look on his face - he's into this new chick, and dearly looking forward to catching up with her, his eyes on her retreating form even as he answers his com link.

1 ELECTRIC/FROM GAUNTLET: You called?

2 NIGHTWING: Hey, beautiful.

Page 19, panel two

Cut to Babs in her tower, doing her thing, Nightwing's smiling face up on one of her monitors. At this moment in time, she looks happy to be speaking to him, answering his question flirtaseously.

She's got a cup of hot coffee or tea on the console near the monitor that's showing Nightwing.

3 NIGHTWING/ELEC: What can you tell me about the latest MASK-WEARER on the Blüdhaven Rooftop Express?

4 BABS: Well, I can tell you that when he's good, he's very, very good, but when he's bad he's -

Page 19, panel three

Nightwing laughs on the monitor as in the clock tower, Barbara's face falls.

5 NIGHTWING/ELEC: No, I mean a NEW one. This one's a SHE....

6 BARBARA/small: -- horrid.

7 NIGHTWING/ELEC: Repeat? I didn't catch that....

(MORE NEXT PAGE)

Page 19, panel four

Back to Nightwing, with Babs' now frowning face on his small gauntlet console as he starts out after Tarantula again, having lost sight of her. Maybe we're in close on him so that we see Babs' face on the console at a strange angle as he runs.

8 TAILLESS/ELEC: I thought you were going to be all BUSY tonight with the BPD SHUT-INS.

9 NIGHTWING/above: Yep. Was already over there when this new CAPE decided to show up and take down one of those bad boys on her OWN.

Page 19, panel five

Cut back to Babs, now with her head in one hand, looking somewhere between annoyed and despairing. The monitor that had Nightwing's face up on it is now showing a sideways view of the Blüdhaven skyline as he runs with his camera feed still on.

10 BABS: And now you're chasing HER....

11 TAILLESS/ELEC: She's got poisoned DARTS - haven't had time to ANALYZE them yet, but...

12 TAILLESS/ELEC: Hey, you know, now that I THINK about it, she's got some kinda TARANTULA tribute thing going on with her costume.

PAGE 20, panel one

Barbara listens despondently as Nightwing, miles away in Blüdhaven, rattles happily on, speculating, his feed cam still displaying wild shots of night on the rooftops in the 'haven as he runs.

1 TAILLESS/ELEC: Last time I spoke with John Law, training a protégée seemed like the LAST thing on his mind.

2 TAILLESS/ELEC: And of course, we don't even know what SIDE this lady's on yet, but -

3 TAILLESS/ELEC: -- Babs?

4 BABS: I'm here.

Page 20, panel two

Nightwing's concerned face fills the monitor again as Barbara straightens herself up and resumes her various monitoring duties with an air of guarded severity.

5 BABS: Haven't heard anything about a new femme fatale, Dick. Sorry.

6 NIGHTWING/ELEC: Hey, you all right? You sound kinda... DOWN or something....

Page 20, panel three

Barbara turns away from his face on her monitor and frowns as she busies herself. In the monitor view, Nightwing is grinning again, playfully.

7 BABS: I'm fine. Just busy.

8 NIGHTWING/elec: You sure?

Page 20, panel four

Babs tries to laugh it off. Nightwing, on her monitor, is barely listening, distracted with his chase.

9 BABS: Well, you've got to ADMIT, your TRACK record with girls in COSTUME isn't exactly -

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 20, panel five

Barbara moves abruptly towards Dick's monitor and accidentally elbows over the cup of coffee, which spills all over the console, disconnecting the monitor he was on, the screen going dark as another monitor in extreme foreground (readable) reports the disconnect.

10 MONITOR TEXT: *** SYS REPORT ****
 MONITOR 3 FEED INTERRUPTION
 LOCAL DISCONNECT

11 BABS: Dammit!

Page 20, panel six

She watches the dead screen and the coffee dripping from the console with a sad expression and slightly slumped posture, regretting her words and, even more than that, the reality that has led up to them. She needs to look very vulnerable and sweet here - a woman realizing that the man she's trying to hold on to has a very bad track record indeed.

12 BABS/small: *Dammit...*

PAGE 21, panel one

Cut back to Blüdhaven, where Nightwing is tapping his link-dead console with a look of confusion on his face as he stands at the edge of a building rooftop. This one's a high-rise with a pronounced crowning cornice.

1 NIGHTWING: Babs?

2 NIGHTWING: Oracle?

Page 21, panel two

He gives up with a frown of worry and a slight shrug.

3 CAPTION: The high priestess of TECH doesn't usually go LINK DEAD. I hope everything's OKAY...

Page 21, panel three

...and goes back to the business of scanning the horizon for signs of Tarantula.

4 CAPTION: Well, I'm sure Babs can take care of HERSELF, which is more than I can say with any certainty about this newest addition to my allies and/or rogue gallery.

Page 21, panel four

Pull back as Nightwing stops to think. Below him (and out of his sight range) clinging to the wall of the building he's standing on, Spidey style (that is, casually, her back to the wall, stick gloves and boot bottoms holding her in place), is Tarantula, who's clearly hoping he'll blow right past her.

5 CAPTION: Feet and fists are working fine tonight, so maybe it's time for a little cranium sys check...

Page 21, panel five

Go closer in on Tarantula as she hides against the side of the wall, at least seventeen stories above ground and apparently fearless.

6 CAPTION: If I were dressed like a second generation TARANTULA protégé, where would I go to play hide and seek?

PAGE 22, panel one

Closer in yet on Tarantula, smiling to herself, lip bit with pleasure - she thinks she's outsmarted Nightwing, who is nowhere in sight.

NO COPY

Page 22, panel two

Oh, no, wait - there he is! Nightwing drops down in front of her, facing her and upside down. I'm imaging him casually dangling by one ankle from a grapple line he's attached to the cornice up above.

He's smiling cockily at her as she gasps, surprised by his sudden and intense proximity.

1 NIGHTWING: Hi, again.

2 TARANTULA: Oh!

Page 22, panel three

Still upside down, casual as can be, Nightwing extends a hand in greeting. Tarantula is smiling again, now glancing at her own gloves, which are actively holding her to the wall (along with her boots).

3 NIGHTWING: Forgive me, but I don't feel we got properly introduced back there.

4 NIGHTWING: I'm Nightwing.

5 TARANTULA: Tarantula.

6 TARANTULA: And I'd shake your HAND, but I'm not completely sure how much weight these suction cups can HOLD yet.

Page 22, panel four

Tarantula reluctantly extends one hand towards Nightwing as he makes a big show of carefully examining the suction properties of one of her gloves, holding her hand in both of his and looking at it studiously.

7 NIGHTWING: May I?

8 NIGHTWING: I'm pretty good with field equipment
EVALUATIONS....

PAGE 23, panel one

Nightwing releases Catalina's hand with a reassuring smile. She immediately sticks it back to the wall, hesitant to balance her weight on just three suction points even though she was doing fine.

1 NIGHTWING: Oh, yeah -

Page 23, panel two

Tarantula watches Nightwing, confused, as he does a sort of mid-air sit up and begins to release his ankle from the grapple line. This and the next two panels happen quickly, Rick, so maybe they should be small or tight to convey rapidity?

NO COPY

Page 23, panel three

Now apparently bound to nothing at all, Nightwing somersaults in mid-air directly in front of a visibly gaping Tarantula....

NO COPY

Page 23, panel four

...before audaciously using HER to stop his fall! He's now facing her, right side up, his gloved hands grabbing on to her shoulders, his face and chest breath-takingly close to hers, and his own boots flat against the wall on either side of her legs for balance. It's incredibly erotic - almost a building-side dry hump - and he smiles with unreserved self-assurance ("yeah, I am pretty cool, aren't I?") as she gasps again, this time partly out of fear (can her suction cups really hold this much weight?) and partly out of lust-muted outrage (how dare he get so close without even WARNING her, let alone asking!?).

2 NIGHTWING: -- these'll hold four, five hundred pounds, easy.

3 NIGHTWING: You've got nothing to worry about.

4 TARANTULA: OH!

Page 23, panel five

With a sudden scowl, Catalina frees one of her hands and uses it to slap him across the face (which of course makes the suction stick to his cheek). He's wincing slightly, and scrambling to keep his balance, but still looks more bemused than anything else.

5 SFX/slap: =THWCK=

6 NIGHTWING: Okay -

PAGE 24, panel one

Nightwing frowns Chandler-style as he peels her gloved hand off of his face (so one of his hands is on the wrist of the hand she's slapped him with and the other is peeling her glove off of his own face). She's still bristling, but adjusting to his proximity.

Sorry about all the text on this page, Rick, but it's important.

1 NIGHTWING: - Ow?

2 TARANTULA: Who do you think you -

Page 24, panel two

Still holding her wrist in one hand, Nightwing answers her very seriously, switching from flirting mode into work mode without losing a beat. Please leave room for his speech.

The anger leaves Catalina's face as she listens to him. He's convincing and sincere and she suddenly gets it, too, that he's not to be fucked with.

3 NIGHTWING: I'm the protector of this city. I know how ARROGANT that sounds, and I know that I operate outside of the LAW sometimes -

4 NIGHTWING: -- but I also know that I've trained HARD to do this work, and that I fully understand the COMPLEXITIES of the job.

Page 24, panel three

Now Tarantula meets his eyes as he looks at her with quiet challenge. She is quiet, but she does not look chastened.

5 NIGHTWING: I have EXPERIENCE, I have MOTIVE, and I have BACK UP. So as insane as it is to be out here at all, I'm the closest you'll get to the REAL THING.

6 NIGHTWING: And I'm asking you, "Tarantula," who do you think YOU are?

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 24, panel four

With narrowed eyes and a angry sneer, the new Tarantula answers him, meeting his righteousness and then some. He's listening respectfully, still serious.

7 TARANTULA: You've got EXPERIENCE? Well, not in BLÜDHAVEN.

8 TARANTULA: I grew UP here, and I prayed for some kind of "PROTECTOR" every damn night for nineteen YEARS and we had no one, *NO ONE*.

Page 24, panel five

Nightwing reacts to a sudden loud noise coming from the street beneath them, holding up a finger to her ("wait - ") as he leans out a little bit and squints down.

9 TARANTULA: So before you tell me I don't have the RIGHT to
-

10 SFX: =KRA-POOOW=

11 CAPTION: Gunfire.

PAGE 25, panel one

Moving fast and unapologetically, Nightwing leaps up for his grapple line, which has been hanging just above them this whole time.

Tarantula hears the commotion too, and goes from defensive to entreating.

1 NIGHTWING: Gotta go.

2 TARANTULA: I'm coming with you.

3 CAPTION: It occurs to me as I leap off of 414 Halyard Street that my CONDITIONING runs DEEP.

Page 25, panel two

Nightwing doesn't even pause to entertain that remark, just hits some release on his grapple line that sends him shooting down towards the street.

Watching his rapid descent, Tarantula points her web gun down, creating a down line for herself.

4 CAPTION: My first thought is for this new Tarantula's SAFETY - the assumption that she's a potential CASUALTY.

5 CAPTION: That's a BATMAN thought.

Page 25, panel three

BIG. In the street below, a carload full of gang kids are shooting sawed off shotguns at another car full of terrifyingly armed teenagers, who are shooting back.

Nightwing lands in a crouch on the hood of the car in the foreground (car 1), teeth grit and a Batarang already in hand with which to punch out the windshield.

The driver of the car reacts to him with understandable panic but most of his companions keep shooting out the windows, intent on their enemies in car 2.

6 CAPTION: My second thought is for MY safety - the possibility that she's a potential ENEMY.

7 CAPTION: That's a Batman thought, TOO.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Page 25, panel four

Nightwing makes good on his inherent threat to smash out the windshield of the car he's landed on, but as he does so, he's looking over his shoulder at car 2.

It's skidding out of control, so fast that all of its passengers have been forced to give up on shooting at the car Nightwing's taking care of, and that's because its tires are being shot out...

...by Tarantula, who is still on the building wall, but much lower down now, using her blow dart on the tires of car 2. Vigilante teamwork.

8 CAPTION: It's not until she's already DOING it that I allow myself to hope that she might be HELPFUL - a potential ally.

PAGE 26, panel one

On Nightwing as, still balancing on the hood of the moving car, he reaches through the broken windshield glass to grab control of the steering wheel.

1 CAPTION: That's a Robin/Nightwing/Dick Grayson kinda thought.

Page 26, panel two

He leaps clear to avoid getting pummeled as the car crashes into a collection of garbage cans (for an abrupt but not fatal vehicle stop)...

2 CAPTION: MY thought.

Page 26, panel three

...and lands in a crouch on the street behind the car.

Behind (or near) him, two of the kids from car 2, which is now defunct thanks to four flat tires, have gotten out to brandish their weapons at Tarantula, who is holding her own just fine as she kicks a shot gun out of the first boy's hands.

3 CAPTION: Two and half seconds IN.

Page 26, panel four

Nightwing smiles as he watches Tarantula take out perp number two with another cool martial arts move. He's collecting the guns out of car number one as the kids in it groan and shake the shock of the crash off.

In the extreme foreground, BPD cars are closing in on the scene.

4 CAPTION: But better than NOTHING.

Page 26, panel five

Nightwing has left the guns for the BPD to deal with, and is now pulling Tarantula away into an alley as the cops (including Gannon in his vest) competently move in on the scene to deal with the gang kids.

The cops are addressing the perps - Nightwing already has Tarantula far enough in the shadows to escape their notice. I'm imagining the cops in foreground, the perps in midground, and our vigilantes in background, but do whatever works, Rick.

5 GANNON: Face down on the ground, NOW!

6 NIGHTWING: The red and blue lights are our cue to
SKEEDADLE....

PAGE 27, panel one

In the alley with Nightwing and Tarantula - he's regarding her thoughtfully and she's glaring at him suspiciously.

1 TARANTULA: And the post-battle alleyway is YOUR cue to inform me that the streets are no place for a NOVICE, right?

Page 27, panels two through four

Panels two through four are a little triptych - small, equally-sized and identically laid out squares occupying one page-wide "row," all FLASHBACKS, and colored accordingly. No text on any of them.

The first is of Y3 Batman clearly ordering a crestfallen Batgirl to get of his way and hang up her cape as a young Dick-Grayson-Robin looks on with satisfaction.

The second is of an NML-period Batman clearly having the same "conversation" with an obviously crushed Spoiler as Nightwing looks on impassively (and if you can squeeze Timmy-Robin into the panel, that'd be extra cool but not necessary).

And the third is of a current day Batman making the same sentiments clear to an angry Huntress as Nightwing looks on sympathetically.

NO COPY

Page 27, panel five

In the present, Nightwing, looks down at his boots in a moment of doubt as Tarantula watches him guardedly.

2 NIGHTWING: Well...

3 NIGHTWING: ...how about this?

Page 27, panel six

Nightwing looks up at her again with a hopeful and surprisingly shy smile.

4 NIGHTWING: If the current inquiry goes well, the Blüdhaven PD is gonna be in recruitment OVERDRIVE.

5 NIGHTWING: I'll do everything I CAN to help you start a career in LAW ENFORCEMENT, and you'll leave THIS side of the blue line to ME....

PAGE 28, panel one

Cut to our last FLASHBACK. This is a few years back (if we try to be exact about the timing, we'll drive ourselves crazy), right at the beginning of Timmy's career. So we're in the cave, and Tim is there as Robin, watching apprehensively from the background as Dick, in civvies, and Bruce, in Batsuit, finish a tense conversation.

Dick is in foreground, facing us, fists balled, face tight with frustration - this is back when things were really tense between him and Batman, and it shows. Batman watches him with his usual impassive expression, impossible to read. Batman's shadow falls across Dick.

1 CAPTION: I don't know if she BOUGHT it, but she went off to think it over, at least.

Page 28, panel two

Dick, still angry, starts to leave, literally stepping out of Batman's shadow on his way out of the Batcave.

2 CAPTION: And I worked until the SUN started to come up, and felt GOOD about what I was DOING.

Page 28, panel three

And then he stops, his fists unballing, expression softening. He doesn't want to leave like this.

Batman is still watching him quietly, though in the deep background, Timmy has busied himself at the Batcomputer or some such.

3 CAPTION: Come to think of it, I've felt pretty good about what I've been doing for a WHILE now.

Page 28, panel four

Dick turns swiftly back, placing a hand on Batman's shoulder and smiling at him softly.

4 DICK: This is GOOD. This is the way it's SUPPOSED to work.

5 DICK: We're all right.

6 BATMAN: You'll...be safe out there?

7 DICK: Of course. I mean -

Page 28, panel five

Dick turns and walks away again, though this time he's smiling. Batman, watching him go, smiles ever so slightly himself with obvious paternal pride.

8 DICK: -- I've got BATMAN watching my back, don't I?

PAGE 29, panel one

Cut to sunrise, Dick in civvies on his bike, speeding North on the freeway.

1 CAPTION: Who do I think I am?

Page 29, panel two

With early morning light saturating the streets, he pulls up in front of Oracle's clock tower in Gotham.

2 CAPTION: Good QUESTION, really, and I'll answer like this:

Page 29, panel three

Upstairs, Oracle opens the door (is there a loft elevator? There should be), and he's standing there with a smile, his helmet in one hand and a very wind-blown bouquet in the other.

3 CAPTION: I've SEEN too much to be Robin, but I'm still too OPTIMISTIC to be BATMAN.

Page 29, panel four

She motions him in with a smile, the flowers now laying in her lap as she goes to get water for them. Her living room TV is on and showing the news.

4 CAPTION: I'm Nightwing.

5 CAPTION: I'm Officer Dick Grayson.

6 CAPTION: I'm Barbara's BOYFRIEND, Bruce Wayne's adopted SON, and the last living member of the Amazing Flying Graysons.

Page 29, panel five

Stay with Babs in the kitchen as she fills a vase with water.

7 CAPTION: I'm HAPPY.

8 BABS: Did you see the NEWS?

9 BABS: Congratulations, Hunk Wonder. Your D.A. indicted fifty-six BPD officers this afternoon and recommended that another seventy-two voluntarily RETIRE.

PAGE 30, panel one

With the windblown flowers now in water, Babs starts wheeling back towards the living room.

1 BABS: That's got make you feel good.

2 BABS: I mean, it's been what you've been WORKING towards the whole time you've been in BLÜDHAVEN....

Page 30, panel two

... Where she finds him passed out, asleep, on the couch in front of the TV, motorcycle helmet rolling out of one dangling hand.

3 BABS: Dick?

Page 30, panel three

She sighs and moves closer to him with a soft smile. Behind her, the TV shows Mateo answering questions for reporters on the steps of the Blüdhaven courthouse.

4 TEXT ON TV: Blüdhaven District Attorney Mateo Flores

Page 30, panel four

With her chair next to the couch, Barbara absently strokes his sleeping head as she watches the broadcast.

On the screen we see Michaelmas, and others, being angrily lead away in handcuffs.

NO COPY

Page 30, panel five

Babs leans in close to the still sleeping Dick, gently kissing his forehead.

5 BABS/whisper: Score another point for the good guys....